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A

WIDOW'S TALE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By BERNARD BARTON,
Author of "Devotional Verses," &c.

Vide page 21.

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TO JOHN BARTON,

OF STOUGHTON, NEAR CHICHESTER;

In Memorial of early Days,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS BROTHER.

Thou bear'st our FATHER's name; in Thee
His worth and talents live;
Canst thou need more—to claim from me
The little I can give?

542677
ENGLISH

PREFATORY SONNET.

The lamp will shed a feeble glimmering light,
Until the oil which fed its flame be spent;
The small stars twinkle in the firmament,
And the moon's pallid orb arise on night,
When day has waned;—the scath'd tree, in despite
Of age look green, with ivy-wreaths besprent;
And faded roses still retain their scent,
When death shall make them loveless to the sight.
So linger on, as seeming loth to die,
Light, strength, and sweetness:—thus *unto the last*
The poet o'er his lyre's lov'd strings will cast
A nerveless hand—and his fond labours ply;
Not unrewarded if its parting sigh
Seem like the lingering echo of the past!

B. B.

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A WIDOW'S TALE.

For the incidents contained in the following Poem, the Author is indebted to the painful, but interesting "Account of the loss of Five Wesleyan "Missionaries, and others, in the Maria Mail-"boat, off the Island of Antigua, by Mrs. Jones, "the only survivor on that mournful occasion."

LIST

OF

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A WIDOW'S TALE.

1.

READER, no story of fictitious woe,
Artfully told, here asks thy tenderness;
But if thy breast with sympathy can glow
For one who tells a tale of deep distress,
In truth's own simple, unelaborate dress,
To win thy pity mine can scarcely fail;
For few, indeed, amid the throng and press
Of trials manifold which life assail,
Have witness'd scenes more dread than deck my mournful tale.

2.

I was the wife of one who left his home,
His friends, and country,—all he held most dear
Except myself, to breast the billows' foam,
The stormy music of the blast to hear;
In foreign climes to know a stranger's cheer,
And be a homeless wanderer far and wide;
Content by duty's star his course to steer,
So he might honour Him who for us died,
And preach in distant lands his Lord, the Crucified.

3.

Among the sunny islands of the west
His field of labour open'd: could I stay
At home in listless, self-indulgent rest,
While he was braving hardships far away?
Not thus to love, to honour, and obey,
Methought my word was plighted; but where he
To whom 'twas given conceiv'd his duty lay,
My vow no less appointed mine to be;
Therefore I went with him a wanderer o'er the sea.

4.

Not mine his Gospel labours to proclaim;
May they be sanctified to those 'mid whom
He strove to glorify his Saviour's name;—
My heart too keenly, feels a mourner's doom,
When I reflect upon his watery tomb,
To paint the varied scenes through which we pass'd;
Yet with no feelings of desponding gloom,
Like her whose starless sky is all o'er-cast,
Would I pourtray the one which prov'd on earth our last.

5.

On earth! alas! we hardly could be said
To part on earth, for foaming seas were round
The fragment of a wreck, his dying bed;—
Fearful each sight, and terrible each sound
We witness'd there; yet in that hour we found
Hope's sure and stedfast anchor to the soul;
Mortal with immortality was crown'd,
And the blest spirit sought its glorious goal,
Where blasts can never rave, nor angry billows roll.

6.

Can I, then, mourn for his lamented loss,
As one who knows not faith's sustaining spell?
He left his home to bear a Saviour's Cross,
The tidings of redeeming love to tell,
And in that hallow'd cause he meekly fell:
Oh! may I, rather, through his Master's grace,
Since memory on our parting can but dwell,
The grateful and consoling thought retrace
With "glory!" on his lips he died in my embrace.

7.

This soothing, elevating thought bears up
My spirit with the hope *his* meed is won;
It sweetens Sorrow's overflowing cup
By the firm faith his race is safely run;
Gives strength to say, "God's holy will be done!"
And in that strength, yet never known to fail,
Power to retrace what memory else would shun,
A scene where woman's cheek might well turn pale,
Where e'en man's bolder heart might feel its courage quail.

8.

We went on board our ship at sunset hour,
The giant deep in peaceful slumber lay;
And though, at night, the wild winds' mighty power
Its curling billows rous'd to fearful play,
We slept in peace: but, on the following day,
The morn was stormy, and the wind a-head;
The sea broke o'er us, and the sheeted spray
Which, far as eye could reach, around us spread,
Gave to the darkening clouds a darkness yet more dread.

9.

Not only he—whose loss my heart must mourn,
Was with me in that season of dismay;
Brethren and sisters in that bark were borne,
Companions with us on our fearful way;
Brethren who went, like him, to preach and pray,
And sisters, like myself, their lot to share;
Their precious babes, too, in life's opening day,
Objects of many a fond parental prayer;—
Oh! when did wave-tost bark a freight more guileless bear?

10.

For e'en our fearful hearts it somewhat lighten'd,
To see those children, when the seaman's cry
Of "land in sight!" their changing glances brighten'd,
Look round them with a hope-enkindled eye:
And one, a boy of thoughts and feelings high,
Far, far beyond his age, began to raise,
With all his young companions standing by,
Exulting hymns of gratitude and praise;
Until our fears were lull'd by their delightful lays.

11.

And then the child, "with sense above his years,"
With narrative from Scripture's holy page
Beguil'd the terrors of his young compeers,
By showing who could Ocean's wrath assuage,
And calm the billows in their fiercest rage;
How He had rescued by his out-stretch'd arm
The Prophet Jonas in an earlier age;
Or how the word of Jesus, like a charm,
Once chain'd the winds and waves, and hush'd each vain alarm.

12.

Alas! sweet boy! but wherefore mourn thy lot,
Or thy compeers' who sank beneath the wave?
Oh! who shall deem you by your God forgot,
Though in life's bloom ye found a watery grave;
Though fruitless your heart-rending cries to save!
Amid the winds and waves distinctly heard;—
We know but this,—that He who being gave,
Resum'd the gift He had himself conferr'd,
Nor dare gainsay His will by one repining word.

13.

Mysterious to our reason seems your doom;
Yet not less merciful that doom might be:
With your dear parents in that hour of gloom,
Which neither might nor skill of man could flee,
You gave, at Heaven's omnipotent decree,
Your innocent lives a spotless sacrifice;
And when the silent chambers of the sea
Shall hear the echoing trumpet rend the skies,
With them to meet the Lord in glory ye shall rise.

14.

Then shall the wisdom of Omnipotence
To our illumin'd vision be made clear;
Marvels and mysteries unto mortal sense
Shall great, and good, and merciful appear;
Be our's that perfect love which casts out fear,
Dark doubt, and unbelief by faith's strong might,
And all things "seen in part and darkly" here,
Through the dim glass of reason's erring sight,
Shall be reveal'd to us in truth's unclouded light.

15.

Peace to your spirits! Your lamented fate,
Sweet innocents, has call'd me from our own;
Bidding my mournful tale anticipate
More than its narrative had erst made known;
Our fragile bark upon the reefs was thrown,
And soon was broken up; when all but nine,
To whom a transient respite yet was shown,
Were whelm'd beneath the darkly-heaving brine;
Unseen, but not unheard each sufferer's "parting sign."

16.

We heard the children's feeble cries to save;—
Their parents' broken accents, while commending
Their souls to God! with every wind and wave
Which broke around us some sad sound was blending;—
It was a scene all scenes of woe transcending
Which e'er had made my heart with anguish thrill;
Fearful to witness, painful in its ending,—
For, though each cry we heard our blood might chill,
As, one by one, they ceas'd, our hearts were colder still!

17.

And we were left to brave that awful night,
Waiting for death, and musing on the dead;
Nor moon nor stars above us shed their light,
But the dark sky was like a pall o'er-spread;
Each coming wave, rearing its mountain head,
Threaten'd destruction; and the gusty blast
Howling around us, as it onward sped,
Reminded us of sounds for ever past,
The cries of drowning men, their saddest, and their last!

18.

Slowly that long, long night was watch'd away;
Fond hope, that clings to life, reviv'd with light;
With trembling joy we hail'd its glimmering ray,
And saw it slowly chase the clouds of night;
The tops of hills then blest our eager sight,
The sea no more in mountain billows roll'd,
The glorious sun came forth in splendour bright;
Well might our sinking hearts become more bold,
When thus our eyes beheld another morn unfold.

19.

In sight of land, with every chance to greet
Some wandering sail with aid approaching nigh,
Could our hearts fail with rising throbs to beat?
Or dark despair o'ercloud each anxious eye?
With hope that almost felt like certainty,
We made our signals to the neighbouring strand;
Trusting, believing some one *must* espy
Our puny pennon by the breezes fann'd,
And launch a friendly boat to bring our crew to land.

20.

Not so;—the lingering, weary hours pass'd by,
And we were left in helpless suffering there;
To hear the dashing wave,—the sea-mew's cry;
In doubt, and dread, and "sad suspense to bear
The fearful hope that keeps alive despair:"
Bark after bark our desperate station near'd;
And when relief seem'd granted to our prayer,
When the chill'd heart reviving courage cheer'd,
Each vessel tack'd about, and from our vision steer'd.

21.

Cruel it seem'd;—but we remain'd unheard,
Unseen, unpitied;—on the passing breeze
Was borne no sound which might with hope have stirr'd
Our spirits, sinking amid tossing seas:
Instead of this,—a sight our hearts to freeze,
Dead bodies floated by us on the wave,
Our late companions;—as we look'd on these,
Thus reft of life, and yet denied a grave,
We felt a sick'ning chill which palsies e'en the brave.

22.

But though our hopes of aid from human power
With each fresh disappointment fainter grew,
God's might and mercy, in that dreadful hour
Sustain'd the spirits of the trembling few
Who look'd to Him alone; His power, we knew
Could bring deliverance though by man unseen,
We felt we were not hidden from his view,
Though nought beside was left whereon to lean;
And prayer to Him, at times, still kept our hearts serene.

23.

It is not in the summer hours of life,
When all around is prosp'rous, bright, and gay,
That prayer's true worth is known; 'tis in the strife
Of fear and anguish, when we have no stay
On earth, or earthly things; Oh! then we pray,
As those who know not sorrow never can:—
Each false support must first be rent away,
All confidence in self, all trust in man,
Rear-ward each worldly thought, each heavenly in the van,—

24.

Before the place where living prayer is made
Can be attain'd unto, or audience won :—
Oh! thus in earnestness to God we pray'd ;
Beseeching Him, through his Redeeming Son,
To give us power to say, "Thy will be done!"
And thanks to Him who hears and answers prayer,
Our helpless wretchedness he did not shun,
Nor leave our hearts a prey to dark despair,
Though mine the only life his mercy deign'd to spare.

25.

Lightly the worldling may our prayers esteem,
Since, save myself, all sank beneath the tide;
Not so the Christian of their worth will deem,
As if their richest blessing were denied ;—
Not for our mortal life, alone, we cried,
But pray'd of Him whose word once still'd the wave,
The Pure, the Sinless, who for sinners died,
His power from death's most dreadful sting might save,
And give us through His Name the victory o'er the grave.

26.

Thanks to His glorious name! the strength of sin,
Its yoke of bondage, slavish fear of death,—
Were there subdued; our minds were calm within,
Sooth'd and sustain'd by holy living faith,
His gift, whose everlasting arm beneath
Preserv'd our spirits' better hopes unbroken;
And by the brethren, with their dying breath,
Much of the Saviour's power and love were spoken,
Making the cross He bore hope's sole surviving token.

27.

Their words fell not upon regardless ears,
For hearts were tendered, spirits humbly bow'd;
And eyes, perchance 'till then unwet by tears
Of penitence, with sorrow overflow'd;
There was no dark obduracy to cloud
The light within, surpassing that of day;
Who could be doubtful, careless, cold, or proud,
Or who the Gospel's promises gainsay,
When life's last ebbing sands seem'd fleeting fast away.

28.

And hence our fragment of a wreck became
A temple to the Lord! who there was known;
There did He glorify His wondrous name
And make the light of his salvation shown;
Our hopes, our fears were turn'd to Him alone,
In frequent intervals of solemn thought,
And many a sigh, and tear, and prayer, and groan,
With more than rhetoric's richest graces fraught,
Meekly pour'd forth to Him his seat of mercy sought.

29.

Three nights and days thus passed: but months and years
Of common life more rapidly had sped!
So many griefs and sufferings, hopes and fears,
Were blended in each hour that o'er us sped:—
Oh! when life hangs by such a slender thread,
How slowly, yet how swiftly moments fly;
Surrounded by the dying, and the dead,
The nights crept on, the days soon hurried by,
Each seeming, in its turn, to bring eternity!

30.

Three days, and nights! the sun arose, and set,
And set and rose; the Curlew sought her nest,
And came at morn, and found us ling'ring yet,
Waiting for death:—whether the glowing west
Shed its rich splendours over Ocean's breast,
Or the bright orient told another morn,
Or moon and stars proclaim'd the hour of rest
To all but us;—there watching, faint, and worn,
In sad suspense we sate, a waning band forlorn.

31.

A waning band, for one by one was gone,
Exhausted, to the ocean depths below;
And we, who somewhat longer linger'd on,
Were worn with watching, weariness, and woe:—
The cry of sea-birds, flitting to and fro
Around the rocky reef whereon we lay,
The sound of dashing waves, whose ceaseless flow,
Drenched our spent bodies with their briny spray,—
Hour after hour endur'd, seem'd wasting life away.

32.

One after one was taken. Some in vain
Essay'd to swim unto the neighbouring shore;
Forlorn of hope they plung'd into the main,
With nerveless arm to brave the billows' roar;
Each after each they sank to rise no more:—
Alas! each fruitless effort only made
Our lot seem lonelier than it was before;
For, as our dwindled numbers we survey'd,
Hope,—fear of being *last* on each survivor weigh'd.

33.

Another, and another sank; and now
But three of all our crew were left behind,
He unto whom my lip had pledg'd a vow
Which closer seem'd in this sad hour to bind,—
Myself, and him to whom was erst assign'd
Our ship's command;—we three still feebly kept,
A little longer, life's faint spark enshrin'd
In frames o'er which death's icy coldness crept;—
Waking, we watch'd, and pray'd; by turns we briefly slept.

34.

Yes, slept! for e'en the wretched sink to *sleep*,
Though not to *rest*;—dark dreams of fearful gloom
Rise to such slumberers on the mighty deep,
Which seem like preludes of approaching doom;
Visions of monsters lurking in the womb
Of Ocean's plumbless depths their prey to seize;
Of corpses over which its billows boom,
Far, far below the sunshine and the breeze;
Of all, men dread or dare, who brave the stormy seas.

35.

Mingled with these rose visions fair and bright,
Lovelier, but far more cruel, dreams of home;
Such as the home-sick bosoms oft delight
Of mourning exiles when afar they roam;
Instead of tossing waves with whitening foam,
Were purling brooks, with flowers beside them springing,
The dreamer's canopy, not heaven's wide dome,
But leafy trees, where happy birds were singing,
Or to whose topmost boughs the rooks were homeward winging.

36.

But why the mockeries of dreams relate ?
Enough was ours of dark reality
Which feverish dreams could scarcely aggravate ;
Thirst, hunger, pining famine now drew nigh,
Parch'd was each lip, and blood-shot every eye,
All life's elastic energy seem'd flown ;
Our words were faint, and few ; a look, a sigh,
Or murmur'd sounds, like infant's feeble moan,
Feeling and thought express'd, and made our meaning known.

37.

And now the fears whose agony had rent,
For its fond partner, my foreboding heart,
Drew near their last and dread accomplishment ;
And though some melancholy tears might start,
To think that *thus* it was our lot to part !
I felt that sighs and tears alike were vain ;
Could either have delay'd Death's menac'd dart,
Selfish it seem'd to wish he should remain
A prey to pining want, and long-protracted pain.

38.

Yet all I could was done, in that sad hour,
To pillow on my breast his sinking head;
I could not bear the billows should devour
His wasted form 'till life's last spark had fled;
It seem'd Affection's sole surviving dread,
In that most painful climax of its woe,
That he should sink in Ocean's tossing bed,
Powerless to struggle, yet alive to know
The pangs of drowning men. Thank God!—it
was not so!

39.

I could not minister to him—as those
Who in the peaceful chamber tend the dying;
Where all is hush'd to wait the awful close,
And even struggling grief finds vent in sighing;
Where fond Affection, still unwearied trying
Each blameless art its fancy can suggest,
Fresh palliatives for each new pain supplying,
Kisses the wan cheek on the pillow prest;—
By every languid smile for all its efforts blest.

40.

Such were not in my power; I could but watch,
With mournful glance, his coldly glazing eye,
And changing features; thankful but to catch
Words to which tears forbade me to reply:—
Just ere the close a wave swept rudely by;
I call'd upon the Captain, in my dread,
"Oh raise him, in my arms, that he may die!"
He turn'd round to me, mournfully, and said,
"I, too, am almost gone!"—and soon his spirit fled.

41.

But strength was given me, though my trembling clasp
Had else been powerless as a babe's might be,
To hold my dying husband in my grasp,
For this I knew he would have done for me,
'Till in my arms his spirit was set free,
"Jesus"— and "Glory" — falt'ring on his tongue;—
And ere I let him sink into the sea,
Much as my feelings were by anguish wrung,
To his eternal joy my spirit meekly clung.

42.

I let him go! the rushing waves clos'd o'er him,
My tears were check'd, and hush'd was ev'ry groan;
It seem'd unjust, unfeeling to deplore him,
Hoping, yea trusting that his soul had flown
To join the worshippers around the throne
Of God, and of the Lamb!—I now could bear
To linger out life's few brief hours alone,
And die the last sad helpless being there,
If his immortal bliss my deathless soul might share.

43.

So was I left in solitude:—and found
By my deliverers—like some breathless thing
By fabled spell of old enchanter bound;
Or her whose woes the ancient poets sing;
Or form which statuary's art may bring
To mimic mortal life from lifeless clay;
A being—in whose breast life's hidden spring,
Chill'd at its fountain-head, forgets to play,—
Thus was I found, and thence, unconscious, borne away.

44.

Such is my Story: Reader, did I err
When I declared it one, whose deep distress
Each gentle source of sympathy might stir,
In hearts which feel for others' wretchedness?
Why have I told my sorrows? but to press
Upon thy heart what they have taught to mine,
That those who in affliction strive to bless
A Father's rod, shall on his staff recline,
And in grief's darkest hour be cheer'd by Light Divine.

45.

To them who live by faith, and not by sight,
The Lord will prove himself a God indeed;
Riches in poverty, in weakness might,
A present help in every time of need;
And should his love through death's dark chambers lead,
There shall his presence, in the fearful hour,
Give them a Saviour's sacrifice to plead,
And make them more than conq'rors in the power
Of Him whose holy name remains their fortress-tower.

46.

Then glory, honour, worship, power, and praise,
Be given to HIM who sitteth on the throne!
Whose path is on the sea, whose wond'rous ways
Through the deep waters yet remain unknown;
The riches of whose mercy still are shown
To ALL who, trusting not *their* might, or skill,
In living faith look up to Him, alone;
Seeking, in every change of good or ill,
To magnify His name, and bless His holy will.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CARACTACUS.

1.

Before proud Rome's imperial throne,
In mind's unconquer'd mood,
As if the triumph were his own,
The dauntless captive stood;
None, to have seen his freeborn air,
Had fancied him a prisoner there.

2.

Though through the crowded streets of Rome,
With slow and stately tread,
Far from his own lov'd island-home
That day in triumph led,—
Unbow'd his head, unbent his knee,
Undimm'd his eye, his aspect free.

3.

A free and fearless glance he cast
On temple, arch, and tower,
By which the long procession pass'd
Of Rome's victorious power;
And somewhat of a scornful smile
Upcurl'd his haughty lip the while.

4.

And now he stood with brow serene
Where slaves might prostrate fall;
Bearing a Briton's manly mien
In Cæsar's palace hall;
Claiming, with kindling brow and cheek,
The privilege e'en there to speak.

5.

Nor could Rome's haughty Lord withstand
The claim that look preferr'd;
But motion'd with uplifted hand
The suppliant should be heard;
If he, indeed, a suppliant were,
Whose glance *demanded* audience there.

6.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd;
From Claudius on his throne
Down to the meanest slave that bow'd
At his imperial tone;
Silent his fellow-captives' grief,
As fearless spoke the Island Chief.

7.

"Think not, thou Eagle-Lord of Rome,
And master of the world,
Though vict'ry's banner o'er thy dome
In triumph now be furl'd,
I would address thee as thy slave,—
But as the bold should greet the brave.

8.

"I might perchance, could I have deign'd
To hold a Vassal's throne,
E'en now in Britain's isle have reign'd,
A king, in name alone.—
Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
A monarch's mimic pageantry.

9.

" Then through Rome's crowded streets, this day,
I might have rode with thee;
Not in a captive's base array,
But fetterless, and free;—
If freedom he could hope to find
Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

10.

" But canst thou marvel that,—freeborn,
With heart and hope unquell'd,
Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
By thy permission held?
Or that I should retain my right,
'Till wrested by a conqueror's might?

11.

" Rome, with her palaces, and towers,
By us un-wish'd, un-reft;
Her homely huts, and woodland bowers
To Britain might have left;
Worthless to you their wealth must be,
But dear to us—for they were free!

12.

"I might have bow'd before;—but where
Had been thy triumph now?
To my resolve no yoke to bear
Thou ow'st thy laurell'd brow;
Inglorious victory had been thine,
And more inglorious bondage mine.

13.

"Now I have spoken—do thy will;
Be life or death my lot,
Since Britain's throne no more I fill,
To me it matters not:—
My fame is clear, but on my fate
Thy glory, or thy shame must wait."

14.

He ceased. From all around up-sprung
A murmur of applause;
For well had truth's and freedom's tongue
Maintain'd their holy cause:—
Nor could the conqueror's heart gainsay
Their nobler, and diviner sway.

WITHER'D LEAVES.

It was show'ry April, or gladsome May
Bade your buds to light surrender;
And blythely ye danc'd in the sun's warm ray,
Or the pale moon's gentler splendor.

Mild as the south wind o'er sunny seas
Were the gales of Summer round you;
Or the whisp'ring sigh of the cool night-breeze
Which in dewy darkness found you.

Like the birds which sang in your bow'ry shade
You seem'd born to beauty and gladness;
With greenness to twine its thornless braid
Round a brow that knew not sadness.

But the Autumn came, and your verd'rous hue,
With a deeper tinge was shaded,
Which, while it enchanted the pensive view,
Show'd beauty that slowly faded.

It has faded, and flown;—and your graceful pride
On the cold earth is rudely trodden,
By the bleak winds wafted far and wide,
And with dews and rain-drops sodden.

There was beauty, and music, and life, and joy
Combin'd with your spring-tide glory;
Nor can adverse Winter with you destroy
Thoughts told by your simple story.

There be hopes, like you, that are born to die,
Which the young, and the thoughtless cherish;
Yet awhile, and their lustre enchants the eye,
Yet awhile, and they darkly perish.

And hopes there are of a heavenly birth
For the lowly of heart to nourish;
Which the winter of death cannot wither on earth,
In immortal spring to flourish.

A Tree there is—whose eternal roots
Are nourish'd by living waters,
With leaves ever green and twelve-fold fruits
For the healing of sons and daughters.

And as ye are the types of those hopes untrue
O'er which time and death are victorious,
The leaves of that Tree to the Christian's view
Are the emblems of hopes more glorious.

SONNET,

TO NATHAN DRAKE, ON THE TITLE OF HIS NEWLY ANNOUNCED WORK.

"Mornings in Spring,"—Oh! happy thou, indeed,
Thus with the glow of sunset to combine
Day's earlier brightness, and in life's decline
To send thought, feeling, fancy back to feed
In youth's fresh pastures, from the emerald mead
To cull Spring flowers with Autumn fruits to twine;
And borrow from past harmonies benign
Strains sweeter far than of the past'ral reed.
Not such the lot of him who, ere his sun
Has pass'd its solstice, with the faded bloom
Of Spring's young beauty blends dark Winter's doom;
Thankful if, when life's stormy race be run,
The humble hope that his day's work is done
May cheer the shadowy entrance to the tomb.

SONNET.

Ocean! I pace not now thy winding shore,
As in life's morn, when hope and fancy gave
Their magic beauty to each bursting wave,
And sweetest music to thy wild uproar:
Yet not for this I murmur; nor deplore,
Beholding Thee still beautiful, and brave,
That I am journeying onward to the grave,
To muse and wander by thy side no more.
"Unchanging, boundless, endless, and sublime,'
Thou hast been liken'd to eternity!
But truth shall manifest to every eye
That even Thou art but a gaud of time;
While he who frames this evanescent rhyme,
From the grave's darker depths shall soar on high.

A DIRGE.

"We knew that the moment was drawing nigh
To fulfil every fearful token;
When the silver chord must loosen its tie,
And the golden bowl be broken."

1.

Thus, but a few brief years gone by, the Muse's plaintive lay
Mourn'd, in his early bloom of life, thy brother snatch'd away;
And now that hour has come to thee; each token is fulfill'd,
And death's relentless, icy touch thy gentle heart has still'd.

2.

The broken bowl we well may mourn, the loosen'd cord must feel;
The pitcher broken at the fount, the cistern's moveless wheel;
But what can types like these afford to dry the tears we shed?
These mournful emblems are but signs which tell us thou art dead!

3.

A purer, and a better hope GOD's Holy Word makes known;
And oh! may we, who mourn thy loss, its consolations own;
Though dust to kindred earth return when life's brief path be trod,
The spirit by His grace redeem'd ascends unto its God.

4.

One thought, alone, may teach our hearts to hush each bitter sigh;
One hope, alone, can have the power affection's tears to dry:
The thought of thy immortal bliss should sweeten sorrow's cup;
The humble hope that bliss to share should bear our spirits up.

5.

But they have dug thy narrow house; and while I
write there stand
Around thy silent, lifeless form—of friends a
mournful band;
Oh! though *we* are not of that band, not less of
this sad hour
Deep, deep within our hearts we feel the so-
lemnizing power!

6.

We mourn thy loss; but while we mourn, may
hope's fond watch-word be
"Thou canst not come again to us, but we may go
to thee!"
Thy virtues need no sculptur'd stone their gentle
worth to tell;
Our hearts thy cherish'd memory hoard:—Fare-
well! dear friend, farewell!

KING CANUTE.

1.

Upon his royal throne he sate,
In a Monarch's thoughtful mood;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false, and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.

2.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confess'd;
That he could bid its billows leap,
Or still its stormy breast.—
He smil'd contemptuously, and cried
"Be then my boasted empire tried."

3.

Down to the Ocean's sounding shore
The proud procession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar
King Canute's power proclaim;
Or, at his high and dread command,
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

4.

Not so thought he, their noble King,
As his course he sea-ward sped;—
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head:—
He knew the Ocean's Lord on high!
They that he scorn'd their senseless lie.

5.

His throne was plac'd by Ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear:—
And, while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still!

6.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word;
The briny deep its waves toss'd high,
By his mandates undeterr'd,
As threat'ning, in their angry play,
To sweep both King and Court away.

7.

The Monarch, with upbraiding look,
Turn'd to the courtly ring;
But none the kindling eye could brook
E'en of his *carthly* King;
For, in that wrathful glance, they see
A mightier Monarch wrong'd than he!

8.

Canute! thy regal race is run;
Thy name were past away,
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay;
Its meek, unperishing renown
Out-lasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

9.

The Persian, in his empty pride,
  Forg'd fetters for the main;
And when its floods his power defied
  Inflicted stripes as vain:—
But it was worthier far of Thee
To know thyself, than rule the sea!

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF JANE TAYLOR'S WORKS.

1.

Whate'er the meed of earthly fame
The world to thee may give,
My grateful spirit owns thy claim
In memory long to live.

2.

To live,—among those cherish'd things
To which, when life is drear,
The heart with fond remembrance clings,
Its sinking hopes to cheer.

3.

Thy page, by lisping infants lov'd,
By riper manhood prais'd,
Nor less by hoary age approv'd,
Hath thy memorial rais'd.

4.

A monument which shall out-last
Full many a sculptur'd stone;
And make, when circling years have pass'd,
Thy modest virtues known.

5.

Nor would I wish that fame should twine
A prouder wreath for me,
Than faith, and hope, and love assign
To grace, and honour thee.

6.

To honour *Thee!* Be His, alone
The glory, and the praise,
Who, on his glory-circled throne,
Now greets thy raptur'd gaze.

7.

Unworthy would the poet be,
Of vision dark and dim,
Whose muse, in celebrating Thee,
Forgot to honour Him.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY;

A TALE OF TRUE CHIVALRY.

1.

The hoarser din of war had died away,
The cannon's thunder, and the clarion's swell,
And on the sanguine field of battle-fray
Silence more sad, and more appalling fell;
Stillness unbroken but by murmurs low,
Which told of faintness, weariness, and woe.

2.

Here lay a Chief, whose war-cry thro' the field
Had rivall'd late the trumpet's clamour loud,
His cold brow pillow'd on his dinted shield,
His bloody corselet, now, alas, his shroud;
And there beside him, soil'd with dust and foam,
The faithful steed that bore him from his home.

3.

Here lay a stripling, ne'er to rise again
From his first field of battle, and his last;
And there a veteran of the warrior train,
Who scatheless many a fearful fray had past;
But now was stretched upon his gory bed,
The mute companion of the silent dead.

4.

And now a living group arrests the eye;—
Two Squires at Arms, supporting on the plain
A Knight of manly form and lineage high,
Living, but faint with weariness and pain;—
And round them, eager to afford relief,
Gather the faithful followers of their Chief.

5.

He through the thickest of the fight had led
The fearless on to victory and to fame;
Like one whose heart no danger e'er could dread,
Whose ardent spirits no fatigue could tame;—
But now exhausted on the field of death,
Each languid sigh appears his parting breath.

6.

His cheek, his brow are pale; his eye is dim,
So lately like a falcon's in its gaze,
And shapeless forms before his vision swim,
Such as the sleeper in a dream surveys:—
Oh! for a cup of water! 'twould be worth
The richest vintage of the teeming earth.

7.

'Tis brought; a gift more welcome than a gem;
For never yet, in beauty's braded hair,
Or haughty monarch's costly diadem,
Shone pearl or ruby with it to compare;—
Cool, bright, and sparkling, in that faint distress
Worth kingly smile, or woman's dear caress.

8

He lifts it to his lips:—he stops! ah why
Not quaff the draught, when life may come with drinking?
He sees beside him one, whose wistful eye
Is on that cup, whose very soul is sinking;
Poor, helpless, nameless! none to him attend,
For when had humble wretchedness a friend?

9.

Oh! then, and there;—for, melting at the view,
The noble Sidney, in his hour of need,
From his parch'd lips the welcome cup withdrew,
And gave it him whose sufferings thus could plead;
Exclaiming, with benevolence benign,
"Here, drink, my friend, thy want surpasses mine!"

10.

And never knightly deed of arms was done
By him, the frank, the chivalrous, the bold,
Which more enduring fame hath nobly won,
Than with this simple legend is enroll'd;
Fame which the heart shall suffer not to die,
Glory befitting genuine chivalry!

HYMN.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.—Psalm lxv. 8.

1.

The morning's out-goings, its beauty and splendour,
To thy creatures, O God! should thy witnesses be;
And the stillness of evening, more soothingly tender,
Should gather our spirits to center in Thee.

2.

But the aid of Thy Spirit must livingly teach us,
With power, and with unction deriv'd from above,—
Ere the voice which they speak can availingly reach us,
Or we can interpret their language of love.

3.

If the glories of nature, alone, could have guided
The pilgrims of earth to their mansions on high,
The light of the Gospel thou hadst not provided,
Nor a Saviour descended for sinners to die.

4.

Then pour out Thy Spirit on sons and on daughters;
Open eyes to Thy beauty, and ears to Thy voice;
'Till praise to Thy name, like the sound of vast waters,
May bid them with morning and evening rejoice.

WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW.

1.

I saw a stream whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen;
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene:—
"How like that tide,"
My spirit sigh'd,
"This life to me hath been!"

2.

The clouds dispers'd; the glowing west
Was bright with closing day,
And on the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray:—
My spirit caught
The soothing thought—
Thus life might pass away.

3.

I saw a tree with ripening fruit
And shady foliage crown'd;
But ah! an axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground:—
Well might that tree
Recall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

4.

The fire consum'd it:—but I saw
Its smoke ascend on high;—
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which cannot die,
But from the grave
Shall rise to crave
A home beyond the sky!

ON THE GLORY

USUALLY DEPICTED ROUND THE HEAD OF

THE SAVIOUR.

1.

A blameless fancy it perchance might be
Which first with glory's radiant halo crown'd Thee;
Art's rev'rend homage, eager all should see
The majesty of Godhead beaming round Thee.

2.

But had thy mien to outward sight been such,
In God-like splendour unto sense appealing;—
What mortal hand had dar'd thy form to touch,
Though conscious even touch was fraught with healing?

3.

More truly, but more darkly—prophecy
Thy vesture of humanity had painted ;—
Uncomely, and repulsive to the eye,
A man of sorrow, and with grief acquainted !

4.

Saviour, and Lord ! if in thy human hour
Evangelists, alone, might tell thy story,
O how shall painter's art, or poet's power—
Pourtray Thee coming in thy promised glory ?

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

1.

The tale I tell was told me long ago;
Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have pass'd away,
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday:
'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were grey,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway,
Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

2.

But not with tears of sorrow;—for the eye
Is often wet with joy and gratitude;
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued:
Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair light;
But meek submission soon her power renewed,
And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,
Confess'd that God's decree was wise, and good, and right.

3.

It was a winter's evening;—clear, but still:
Bright was the fire, and bright the silv'ry beam
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill,
And parlour-floor;—the softly mingled gleam
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
Of pensive converse unallied to gloom;
Our's varied like the subjects of a dream;
And turn'd, at last, upon the silent tomb,
Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling bloom.

4.

We talk'd of life's last hour,—the varied forms
And features it assumes; how some men die
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless night; others whose evening sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise;—and with soften'd tone,
At seasons check'd by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grand-child of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

5.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love; of manners mild,
Affections gentle, even in her glee,
Her very mirth from levity was free;
But her more common mood of mind was one
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run,—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely none.

6.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy, and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell:
Like to the waters of some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

7.

But though no boist'rous playmate, her fond smile
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the while
Betrayed of childish sympathies no dearth:
She lov'd the wild flowers scatter'd over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
Blythe songsters giving joyous music birth
In groves imperious to the moontide ray;—
All these she lov'd as much as those who seem'd more gay.

8.

Yet more she lov'd the word, the smile, the look,
Of those who rear'd her with religious care;
With fearful joy she conn'd that Holy Book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurr'd to memory; for she had been train'd,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear;
And taught to love with fervency unfeign'd,
The record of His life whose death salvation gain'd.

9

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid;
For, in his narrative, the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delay'd;
Though fancy had too well its close pourtray'd
Before I heard it. Who but might have guess'd
That one so ripe for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest;
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more blest?

10.

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading and sinking to its parent clay:
She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His radiance brightening at his journey's close;
Yet with that chasten'd, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellow'd light our eyes with joy repose.

11.

Her strength was failing, but it seem'd to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear;
'Twas like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye;—no tear,
Except of quiet joy in her's was known;
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and lov'd to be alone.

12.

One summer morn they miss'd her:—she had been
As usual to the garden arbour brought,
After their matin meal; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,
Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught,
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space; but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen!

13.

They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bed-side chair,
Before her, was an open Bible spread;
Herself upon her knees;—with tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known:
The child had died! died in the act of prayer!
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had flown.

"THE MORNING IS BREAKING."

1.

The morning is breaking,
The day is awaking,
And beauty and glory are beaming around;
Bright flowrets are blowing,
Cool streamlets are flowing,
And meadows and woodlands with music resound.

2.

The lark, upward winging,
His matin is singing,
As joyful the homage of nature to pay;
And thus man's devotion,
With hallow'd emotion,
Should rise to his God with the dawning of day.

3.

The day is declining;—
Yet, cloudlessly shining,
The bright sun in glory is taking his leave;
The flowrets are closing,
And nature reposing
Is bath'd in the dews and the stillness of eve.

4.

Like dew on the blossom,
This hour on the bosom
With wings dropping healing should softly descend;
Its silence appealing
To thought and to feeling,—
Our souls with the depth of its stillness should blend.

5.

The stars in their courses
Now marshal their forces;
The moon in pale splendour walks up the blue sky;
While Philomel's numbers,
'Mid earth's placid slumbers,
Seem lauds of thanksgiving ascending on high.

6.

Oh! thus, when stars glisten,
With none near to listen,
Should spirits awaking their melodies raise
To HIM who sleeps never,
But merits for ever
Glad songs of thanksgiving, and honour, and praise.

SORROW'S LOVE.

1.

Our love has been no summer flower,
For joy's bright temples braided,
Drooping when tempests darkly lower,
By grief's bleak winter faded: —

2.

Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To tread life's path together.

3.

But we have lov'd as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow;
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

4.

That thorny path, those cloudy skies
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And render'd us, by tenderest ties,
Each to the other dearer.

5.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker days gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

6.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
Through death's dim, shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

A CHILD'S DREAM.

1.

What know we of the glorious sights which bless
an infant's dream?
Or, could we guess them, what more meet to be a
poet's theme?
The hope that e'en a glimpse of such my numbers
might make known,
To fond imagination brings a day-dream of its own.

2.

'Tis of a child of five years old, upon whose peace-
ful sleep
Fair visions of another world with silent foosteps
creep;
Soft as the dew on summer flowers, or moonlight
on the sea,
The influence of that blissful dream to fancy seems
to be.

3.

The cheek, upon the pillow prest, wears joy's delightful tinge,
The eyes are clos'd, yet joy's bright tear steals through the eyelids' fringe;
The lips are voiceless, yet they wear the sweetest smile of bliss—
A smile so sweet it well might chide the fondest mother's kiss.

4.

Thou happy sleeper! might I tell where now thy spirit roams,
The lot it shares—how poor would seem the joys of proudest domes!
Fame, wealth, and grandeur never yet a pleasure could impart
So pangless and so pure as those which now possess thy heart.

5.

For thou art in the land of thought, and far hast left behind
The fading happiness of earth for raptures more refin'd;
Thine seems a foretaste of the boon appointed for the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

6.

Thy spirit's yet unfolded bud may seem too young to share
The full effulgence of the light which bursts around thee there;
Thy "vital spark of heavenly flame" may shine with trembling ray
Amid the sunless, moonless blaze of heaven's unclouded day.

7.

Yet in thy measure fancy deems thy soul may now partake
Those glories which the harps and songs of angels ever wake;
And to thy sight unconsciously are transient glimpses given,
Whose bright beatitudes fulfil a child's sweet dream of heaven.

8.

And is it not a lovely scene that greets thy vision now,—
Where gratitude warms every breast, and joy lights every brow?
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sickness comes not near,
And hope, in certainty fulfill'd, has banish'd every fear?

9.

What seest thou in that realm sublime? the spirits
of the just
Made perfect through the blood of Him in whom
they plac'd their trust?
The tuneful seraph-host that raise their songs
around the throne,
Giving to God and to the Lamb the praise that is
their own?

10.

Or look'st thou on the Tree of Life, whose foliage
yet may heal
The nations, and the earlier curse of Eden's tree
repeal?
Or gazest thou upon that stream, like clearest
crystal bright,
Proceeding from Jehovah's throne, and glorious
from His light?

11.

Vain though it seem to ask or think what sights
and forms divine
May rise in slumber's tranquil hour on spirits pure
as thine,
Not wholly so, if, while he sings, within the
minstrel's soul
The influence of such heavenly themes may earth-
born cares controul.

12.

Sleep, happy dreamer! sleep in peace; and may thy mental powers
By visions such as these be nurs'd for future waking hours;
That so from death's last dreamless sleep thy spirit may ascend
To know the fulness of all joy in glory without end.

"IN THE MORNING IT FLOURISHETH."

"In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."—PSALM, xc. 6.

1.

I walk'd the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing:—

2.

And thus, I thought, the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Thinks life's inheritance is joy,
The future proudly greeting.

3.

I wander'd forth at noon :—alas !
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretch'd the faded blossom ;—

4.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

5.

Once more at eve abroad I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played
Rich fragrance was diffusing;

6.

The perfum'd breath, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

7.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory has enshrin'd them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

1.

If superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim.

2.

But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first conferr'd,—

3.

Though lightly truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

4.

We roam the seas—give new found Isles
Some king's or conqueror's name;
We rear on earth triumphant piles
As meeds of earthly fame:—

5.

We soar to heaven, and to outlive
Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
The names of mortal man.

6.

Then may not one poor flowret's bloom
The holier memory share
Of Him, who, to avert our doom,
Vouchsaf'd our sins to bear?

7.

God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
By work of human hands,
Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,
Are found in Christian lands.

8.

And may not e'en a simple flower
Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose fiat, only, had the power
Its form from earth to raise?

9.

Then freely let thy blossom ope
Its beauties—to recal
A scene which bids the humble hope
In Him who died for all!

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

1.

Haste, O haste! delightful Spring!
Glad birds thy approach shall sing;
Mounting larks with matin lays
Shall ascend to hymn thy praise;
Countless warblers of the grove
All shall tune their notes of love;—
Haste, O haste! then, to set free
Harmonies which wait for Thee.

2.

Haste, O haste! delightful Spring!
Over earth thy mantle fling;
Flowers shall ope their blossoms sweet
Thy reviving smile to greet;
Grass shall clothe the lowly mead,
Where the lambs shall sport and feed,
Leaves and blossoms on each bough
Shall unfold to wreath thy brow.

3.

Haste, O haste! delightful Spring!
Winter's storms are on the wing;
Gentler breezes round us sigh,
Whispering hopes that Thou art nigh,
Milder showers in silence fall;—
Come, O come! then, at our call,
Come and tinge our brightening skies
With thy rich and varied dyes.

4.

Haste, O haste! delightful Spring!
To the captive freedom bring;
Torpid insects, buried deep,
Wait thy voice to rouse from sleep,
Others, yet unborn; but stay
For thy warm enlivening ray;
Haste, O haste! the signal give
At whose summons they shall live.

5.

Haste, O haste! delightful Spring!
Holier hopes unto thee cling;
Glowing feelings, thoughts refin'd,
Stirrings of the immortal mind;
These at thy re-kindling breath
Waken as from wintry death,
And see emblem'd in thy bloom
Endless Spring beyond the tomb.

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

1.

My Child, this is thy natal day,
And might a father's prayer
For thee inspire his votive lay,
What blessing shouldst thou share?

2.

Shall wit, or wealth, or beauty move
Thy sire to bend his knee?
I hold thee far too dear, my love,
To crave these things for thee.

3.

If wish of mine might prove of worth,
Be this thy portion given,—
Thy mother's blameless life on earth,
Thy mother's lot in heaven.

A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

1.

It is a glorious summer eve! and in the glowing
west,
Pillow'd on clouds of rainbow hues, the broad sun
sinks to rest;
From me his radiant disk is hid behind the tower-
ing cliff,
But brightly fall his parting beams on yonder sea-
ward skiff.

2.

And sweetly, still, the billows there with borrow'd
splendour shine,
Reflected from the westward pomp that marks the
day's decline;
But eastward wreaths of silvery mist, though
distant, dim, and pale,
Begin to draw around the scene, calm twilight's
dusky veil.

3.

The wind, too, save a gentle breeze, hath softly
died away;
Hush'd is the sea-bird's harsher scream, the sky-
lark's thrilling lay;
No murmur but the ceaseless dash of waves is
heard around,
And these, so calm is ocean's breast, have music
in their sound.

4.

It is an hour when he who treads the sandy shore
alone
May find his thoughts and feelings take the
landscape's gentle tone;
Pensive, not mournful is the mood such scenes
and hours impart,
Grateful and soothing is their power upon the care-
worn heart.

5.

An hour it is when memory wakes, and turns to
former years,
And lives along the travell'd line of parted hopes
and fears!
A time when buried joys and griefs revive and live
again,
Those sober'd in their brighter tints, these soften'd
in their pain.

6.

Nor lacks this lov'd familiar scene its own peculiar ties
With varying visions of the past, which now before me rise ;—
The cliffs, the sea, the winding beach unchang'd alike appear,
Yet many changes have *I* known since first I wander'd here !

7.

In early life, a careless boy, I trod this lonely beach,
And felt a thrill of transport strange, too ardent, far, for speech !
'Twas freedom's throb, young joy's bright dream, and wonder's silent awe,
Mingled, by nature's magic spell, with all I felt and saw.

8.

More dream-like yet appear'd the scene, in manhood's opening prime,
When here, in love's fond visions wrapt, I roved a second time ;
The landscape, wild and barren round, to me was fairy land,
And fancies of my own made glad the solitary strand.

9.

A few brief months! and then I sought this
fav'rite haunt once more,
Tfeading, with slow and mournful steps, this lov'd
and lonely shore;—
Lov'd it had been, in youth's warm flush, in boy-
hood's sanguine glee,
But dearer far in grief's dark hour, its loneliness to
me.

10.

I wander'd here, and mus'd on hopes once glorious
in their light,
On disappointment's chilling clouds, which veil'd
those hopes in night;—
Yet with such musings strength was given life's
needful ills to bear,
And glimpses of that purer bliss which sorrow
must prepare.

11.

What marvel then, if—loitering here alone at
eventide,
Alternate thoughts of joy and grief by memory are
supplied!
What marvel that their light and shade should
borrow from the scene
A tone for thoughtless mirth too sad, for sorrow
too serene!

12.

There is a mood of mind whose sway can saddest
thoughts beguile,
Whose voiceless tear is brighter far than pleasure's
gayest smile;
There is a feeling,—chastened, calm, as day's most
gentle close,
Whose quiet influence seems to hush the spirit to
repose.

13.

And O! what gratitude is due to Him from whom
alone,
This holy tranquillizing power to man can be
made known;
Whose word divine can bid the strife of earth-born
passions cease,
And give the mourner, tempest-toss'd, the calm of
heart-felt peace!

STANZAS,

COMPOSED DURING A TEMPEST.

1.

Dazzling may seem the noon-tide sky,
Its arch of azure showing;
And lovely to the gazer's eye
The west, at sun-set glowing.

2.

Splendid the east, at morning bright,
Fair—moonlight on the ocean,
But glorious is the hush'd delight
Born in the storm's commotion.

3.

To see the dark and lowering cloud
By vivid lightening riven,
To hear the answer, stern and proud,
By echoing thunders given.

4.

To feel, in such a scene and hour,
'Mid all that each discloses,
The presence of that viewless power
On whom the world reposes :

5.

This, to the heart, is more than all
Mere beauty can bring o'er it ;
Thought, feeling, fancy—own its thrall,
And joy is hush'd before it.

TO A CROCUS;

The first flower in my own garden; growing up and blossoming beneath a wall-flower.

1.

Welcome, mild harbinger of Spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.

2.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

3.

Yet not the Lily, nor the Rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from Thee:
The eye their beauty may prefer;
The heart is THY interpreter!

4.

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

5.

That leaf betoken'd freedom nigh
To mournful captives there;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky
And chides the dark despair
By Winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

6.

And sweetly has kind nature's hand
  Assign'd thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
  With fond, congenial grace
On many a desolated pile,
Bright'ning decay with beauty's smile.

7.

Thine is the flower of HOPE, whose hue
  Is bright with coming joy;
The Wall-flower's that of FAITH, too true
  For ruin to destroy;—
And where, O! where should Hope up-spring,
But under Faith's protecting wing?

TO A PRIMROSE.

1.

Flower of pale, but lovely bloom,
Given to grace my humble room,
On my spirit's waken'd sense
Pour thy silent eloquence.

2.

Tales it tells of days gone by,
When in Spring my boyish eye
On the bank, or in the grove,
Gaz'd on thee with joy and love.

3.

Fairer flowers which gardens bear,
Proud exotics, rear'd with care,
Beautiful though they may be
Never can compare with Thee.

4.

Thou art rich, from memory's store,
With the wealth of life's young lore;
Lore by books but poorly taught,
Wealth by riches never bought.

5.

While I look on thee, —I seem
Once more of the past to dream,
When life's business was but play,
Joy—a spring-tide holiday.

6.

When, the cares of man unknown,
Boyhood's pleasures were my own;
And a sunny day in Spring,
Gladness to my heart could bring.

7.

Gladness from the bright blue sky,
From the brook that babbled by,
From the greenwood's leafy screen,
From the mead's enamell'd green.

8.

In those haunts so fresh and fair,
In those hours so free from care,
Faithful memory loves to trace
Thy familiar form and face.

9.

There thou wast—where-e'er I stray'd,
By the stream, or in the glade,
Welcome to my eye, and heart—
There thou *wast*, and *here* thou *art!*

10.

Thanks, then, to the friendly theft
Which thy lowly-root up-reft
From its natal dwelling-place
In this vase my desk to grace.

11.

Faintly, while I look on Thee,
Seems the past again to be;
Sights and sounds which then were dear
Greet again my eye and ear.

12.

Grateful is it yet to feel
In the heart thy mute appeal;
Lingering greenness lurking there
Feelings such as these declare.

13.

Shed, then, on dark manhood's gloom
Gleams of sunshine from thy bloom,
Through whose spell the spirit seems
Once more young in childhood's dreams.

THE DEAD.

1.

Number the grains of sand out-spread
Wherever Ocean's billows flow;
Or count the bright stars over-head,
As these in their proud courses glow;

2.

Count all the tribes on earth that creep,
Or that expand the wing in air;
Number the hosts that in the deep
Existence, and its pleasures share;

3.

Count the green leaves that in the breath
Of Spring's blythe gale are dancing fast;
Or those, all faded, sere in death,
Which flit before the wintry blast;—

4.

Aye! number these, and myriads more,
All countless as they seem to be;
There still remains an ampler store
Untold by, and unknown of Thee.

5.

Askest thou—"Who, or what be they?
Oh! think upon thy mortal doom;
And with anointed eye survey
The silent empire of the tomb!

6.

Think of all those who erst have been
Living as thou art—even now;
Looking upon life's busy scene
With glance as careless, light, as thou.

7.

All these, like thee, have liv'd and mov'd,
Have seen—what now thou look'st upon,
Have fear'd, hoped, hated, mourn'd, or lov'd,
And now from mortal sight are gone.

8.

Yet, though unseen of human eye
Their reliques slumber in the earth,
The boon of immortality
To them was given with vital birth.

9.

They WERE; and, having been, they ARE!
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust,
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With thine must rise to meet the just.

10.

Thou know'st not but they hover near,
Witness of every secret deed,
Which, shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed.

11.

An awful thought it is to think
The viewless dead out-number all
Who, bound by life's connecting link,
Now share with us this earthly ball.

12.

It is a thought as dread and high,
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who *live,* must *die,*
THE DEAD! THE DEAD are *living still*

HYMN.

1.

Oh! what were *life*, if TIME, alone,
Compriz'd our being's span;
And no ETERNITY made known
The loftier hopes of man?

2.

Its joy—a moment's sunny gleam,
Its grief—a starless night,
Its hope—a transitory dream,
Its fame—a meteor's light;

3.

Its love—a flower that hides a thorn,
Its care, a ceaseless thrall:—
Who but might weep to have been born,
If this of life were all?

4.

But, far beyond the lapse of years,
The griefs, and cares of time,
Which darken o'er this vale of tears,
Are treasur'd joys sublime.

5.

Then fight the fight, and keep the faith;
That, having nobly striven,
To thee, victorious unto death,
Immortal life be given.

6.

Knowing the Lord to them will give
A glorious crown on high,
Who seek but in His fear to live,
And in His favour die.

TO FELICIA HEMANS,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

1.

Thy verse hath been to me, thyself unknown,
Like a delightful breeze with healing fraught,
Which to some wanderer in the torrid zone
Hath over burning sands its blessings brought;
Freshening the thirsty spirit with a thought
Of verdant meads which gushing streamlets lave,
'Till Hope's reviving energies have caught
From its glad influence added powers to brave
The desert's cheerless waste, which else had prov'd its grave.

2.

And much I owe thee for the passing gleams
Of sunny brightness o'er my pathway thrown;
Much for those soothing strains, which came like streams
At distance heard, in whose soft, silv'ry tone
My spirit's ear the melodies could own
Which gladden'd childhood's hours; — the whisp'ring breeze,
The song of birds in leafy copses lone,
The lapse of murmuring brooks, the hum of bees,
With deeper notes between, like sounds of mighty seas.

3.

Can it be strange, then, when I hear that Thou
Hast shadows round thee which are not of night,
Shadows which chill the heart and dim the brow
Because affection's cherish'd flowers they blight,
That thus my humbler muse would fain requite
The debt long ow'd thee in past hours of gloom?
Nor boasts my present path such cloudless light
That I should feel not for a mourner's doom;—
Oh! most of all for her's who sorrows o'er the tomb.

4.

But not to thee, my friend, Oh! not to thee
Should death seem mournful, or the grave look dark;
Thou art not one of those who plough life's sea
Careless what pilot guides the fragile bark:
Hast thou no dove of promise in thine ark
With whose return reviving hope may rise?
Oh! doubt it not, press forward tow'rd the mark,
The glorious mark, the everlasting prize
Of joy earth cannot give, eternal in the skies.

5.

For, like the Patriarch's dove, the Christian's prayer
In hours of doubt and anguish wins its way;
What though at first but heavily it fare,
Coming back wearily at close of day
Without one hopeful sign to chide dismay,
As if the floods of sorrow knew no shore
Whereon the spirit's better hopes might stay,
And find safe footing 'mid the tempest's roar;
Yet faith will like the Seer, send forth her hopes once more.

6.

The bird went forth again ; went forth to bring
The joyful olive-branch at fall of eve ;—
And thus will faith, if unto prayer it cling,
An earnest of its hopes in time receive :—
Oh ! suffer not, then, grief or doubt to weave
Such meshes round thee as may check the flight
Of prayer's strong pinions; in His power believe,
Whose will is ever merciful and right,
And Hope's bright olive-bough shall once more greet thy sight.

7.

I could not to the worldling's wounded heart
Apply this balsam ; but thy pages tell
Of thoughts and hopes that choose the better part;
Of faith, the mourner's only citadel,
Where even grief can own that all is well:
The source of all true consolation lies
Down in the heart's most hidden, holiest cell ;
Dig deep and doubt not that it will arise
To animate thy hopes, and hush thy struggling sighs.

8

Then lift thy head in hope, and in the rod
The hidden mercy of a Father trace;
With meek submission put thy trust in God,
Thy hopes in his sustaining Spirit place:
Continue still, through His assisting grace,
To dedicate to Him thy gifts and powers;
That so, when clos'd on earth thy honor'd race,
The meed be thine in heaven's unfading bowers
To strike a golden harp wreath'd by immortal flowers.

TO MRS. FITZGERALD;

On her presenting the Author with a beautiful Painting by Van Baleu.

1.

Lady, could verse of mine repay
A boon so rich and rare as thine,
For thee my muse should wreathe a lay
The proudest art of her's could twine;
Sweet as that Virgin-mother's face,
And glorious as that Infant's grace.

2.

But, while I view with love and awe
What here the painter's power hath done,
And praise the skill which thus could draw
That Parent, and her Heavenly Son,
How can I court the Muses' aid
To rival what is here pourtray'd?

3.

No, rather like that beauteous boy,
Who turns round silently—to stay
Those infant angels in their joy,
As if too loud *their* gentle play,—
Like him I pause, with doubtful mien,
As loth to break on such a scene.

4.

Yet not less deeply thought must own,
Beyond what language can express,
The silent, but subduing tone
Of this fair vision's loveliness:—
Delightful vision! deathless art!
Thus through the eye to reach the heart.

5.

He who their praise aspires to sing,
Should boast a harp of matchless tone;
The lowlier meed I dare to bring
Is thoughtful gratitude alone;
A voiceless feeling,—speechless thought,
To silent admiration wrought.

6.

My generous friend, since such the worth
Of what thy kindness deigns to give,
The thanks which owe to it their birth
In feeling more than words must live;
Too pure in utterance to die,
Their life is immortality.

7.

In thoughts by day, in dreams by night
Thy gift shall exercise its power;
Embodying forms of joy and light
To gladden sorrow's darker hour;
And blended with those forms shall be
One to remind thy bard of thee.

SONNET;

A WINTER NIGHT.

A Winter night! the stormy wind is high,
Rocking the leafless branches to and fro;
The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,
And mournfully surveys the starless sky:
The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly
To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow;
And the poor homeless, houseless child of woe
Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die!
Happy the fire-side student; happier still
The social circle round the blazing hearth,—
If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which their cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill
For every form of wretchedness on earth.

SONNET;

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSSIAN.

O say not so! A bright old age is thine;
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in strength's decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all He sends with gratitude receives;—
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine.
And hence thy fire-side chair appears to me
A peaceful throne—which thou wert form'd to fill;
Thy children—ministers, who do thy will;
And those grand-children, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee,
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

TO A POETICAL ASPIRANT.

I have no deathless wreath of song,
My friend, to offer thee;
To loftier minstrels such belong,
And not to bards like me.

If such a prize thy brow befit,
Thyself must place it there;
Then try thy skill, and task thy wit
That wreath to win, and wear.

The worthless meed of transient fame
A breath as brief may give;
But this can never cause thy name
With glorious ones to live.

By noble means alone aspire
To gain the high reward
Which genius only can acquire,
And virtue must accord.

VERSES,

Written under some pen and ink Sketches, by D. Wilkie, Esq.

In acorns who discerns the oaks
Which shall hereafter be?
Or who, in these slight, careless strokes,
Art's future boast can see?

Yet from the acorn by degrees
The oak uprears his frame;
And from conceptions rude as these
Sprang Wilkie's honor'd fame.

SONNET,

TO A NAMELESS FRIEND.

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame!"
This line hath been thy motto: thus hast thou
Uplifted heads which grief had taught to bow;
And fann'd in sinking hearts hope's glimm'ring flame.
Yet when these seek thy kindness to proclaim,
Or strive to wreathe a garland for thy brow,
Thy modesty's irrevocable vow
Forbids them to record thy honour'd name.
This must not always be:—a time will come
When feelings long suppress'd shall make their way;—
The muse shall celebrate thee in her lay,
And glowing gratitude, no longer dumb;
With louder plaudits than of trump or drum
Thy generous deeds in triumph shall display.

EXPOSTULATION.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."—PROVERBS, xiv. 33.

1.

Awake! arise! if not for love
Of duty's call, at least for shame;
Lest nature's self thy sloth reprove,
And brand thee with a SLUGGARD's name!

2.

"Thou wast not call'd!"—"Thy bed was sweet!"—
Oh! if such paltry pleas avail
Each nobler energy to cheat,—
Thy life will prove a mournful tale.

3.

Know'st thou the penalties assign'd
To slothful indolence at morn?
The bloated form, the listless mind,
Keen self-reproach, and virtue's scorn!

4.

When habit shall have strongly wound
What now may seem a silken thread,
An iron chain it will be found,
A galling yoke, to loathe, and dread;

5.

And yet to *bear!* by sloth enslav'd,
All penitence may prove too late;
The bondage, which might *now* be brav'd,
Will then be thine to hug, and hate.

6.

Sluggard! the pamper'd slave of bed!
Let custom once confirm its sway,
And tears of blood, could such be shed,
Shall scarcely wash its stain away.

7.

Oh! rouse thyself, while yet the power
Is thine to shun such dire disgrace;
Delay not for a day—an hour
To break with scorn a yoke so base.

WRITTEN IN A SCRAP-BOOK.

Cold is the hand which oft has trac'd
This volume's varied store;
Which many a relique here has plac'd,
Alas! to place no more!

Clos'd is the eye which fondly gaz'd
On each memorial dear;
Silent the grateful tongue which prais'd
Each friendly tribute here.

But not forgotten:—in our hearts,
Sweet girl, thy memory lives;
And every thought it there imparts
A mournful pleasure gives.

A pensive joy, not soon to cease;
Such is the triumph won,
Where life is purity and peace,
And death—but heaven begun.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN FOR A BLANK LEAF IN SEWELL'S HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS.

1.

Look back unto the morning of our day;—
What does such retrospective glance afford?
Our Fathers' lot these pages shall display,
A people scoff'd at, and a sect abhorr'd.

2.

Hist'ry describes them truly;—plac'd between
Two persecuting fires, whose fury burn'd
For them with equal fierceness, by the spleen
Alike of Church and Presbytery spurn'd.

3.

Whether a Stuart fill'd their country's throne,
Or England bow'd to Cromwell's stern command,
Their lot remain'd the same, despis'd, unknown,
The out-casts, and off-scow'ring of their land.

4.

Yet through that perilous and thorny path,
Which they with meek submission humbly trod;
What was the world's contempt, the bigot's wrath
To them whose hopes and fears were fix'd on God?

5.

They look'd on every suffering as a test
Of their allegiance to the faith they lov'd,
And neither heights, nor depths had power to wrest
Their confidence from HIM whose might they prov'd.

6.

Nor was that humble confidence misplaced;
They did not vainly trust in God's right hand;
Through persecution's flames,—oppression's waste,
It led them on to quiet's promis'd land!

7.

Oh! it is good for sects, with watchful eye,
To look back to the rock whence they were hewn;
And when prosperity's bright sun is high,
Compare their stormy morning to their noon.

8.

Although the early rise of such may be
At times o'er-shadow'd by mistaken zeal;
Yet there, too, shines a brightness all may see,
A simple dignity which all may feel.

9.

'Tis like the morning of the outward day,
When chrystal dew-drops gem each trembling flower,
And through the low'ring clouds the sun's bright ray
Flings its effulgence with triumphant power.

10.

For, as the outward sun advances through
The clouds which compass him, earth's mists exhale,
The flowers put on their freshest, loveliest hue,
Light robes the mountains, stillness soothes the vale.

11.

So when the Sun of Righteousness first flings
His light on those who have in darkness sit,
And rises, as with healing on his wings,
Pure life and love awake to welcome it.

12.

Then is the season of high-minded thought;
High-minded, for its hopes are fix'd on high,
Yet humbled by a sense that God has brought
This better dawn before their mental eye.

13.

The Saviour's yoke is felt no burthen then
On shoulders which a grasshopper had bow'd;
To bear the cross which He once bore for men
Appears a privilege to man allow'd.

14.

In this abandonment of all to HIM,
Who claims it as His own undoubted right;
The glory of this world is render'd dim,
Compar'd with that which makes their darkness light!

15.

They go forth in HIS name; they know no power,
No wisdom of *their own*; they serve the Lord!
That duty is their spirits' richest dower,
The coming of His kingdom their reward.

16.

Thus went our fathers forth; the seed they sow'd,
In fear and faith, and saw its vast increase;
Conflict their lot upon life's narrow road,
This they endur'd, and found its end was peace.

17.

Peace! which the world to worldlings cannot give,
Nor, blessed be its Giver's name, destroy;
Peace which can all the ills of life out-live,
Promise and prelude of eternal joy.

A PRAYER,

FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

1.

Spirit of grace, of power, of love!
In all thy love, and grace, and power
Descend with unction from above,
And help us in this needful hour.

2.

The Father's holy name we bless,
To His dear Son's we bow the knee;
But vain our praise and prayer—unless
Our Spirits are renew'd by Thee.

3.

Fain would we spread God's holy word
Where-e'er the human race are found;
'Till earth's remotest shores be stirr'd
By free salvation's joyful sound.

4.

But cold and lifeless every heart,
And faint and feeble are our hands,
Until Thy grace the power impart
To do whate'er that Word commands.

5.

And voiceless are our tongues—until
Thy influence shall give language birth
To magnify God's holy will,
And advocate His cause on earth.

6.

Then come with unction from above,
And fit us for this work divine;
That so the labour of our love
May prove the power and glory Thine.

SONNET,

TO A CLERICAL FRIEND,

On his Presentation to a small Country Living.

I know the sense of duty which hath been
In hours of trial thy support and stay;
The light within, whose animating ray
In darkest hours hath kept thy soul serene;
The power of grace, which, in life's busier scene,
Hath been thy guide and staff in duty's way,—
A guide which never could thy steps betray,
A staff whereon thy spirit still could lean.
Yet I rejoice, with sympathy unfeigned,
That now thou seek'st a more congenial sphere,
Where "passing rich with forty pounds a year,"
Amid a simple race by guile unstain'd
Thy zeal and love may labour unrestrain'd
To glorify His name whose cause to thee is dear.

AN EXHORTATION TO YOUTH.

1.

Remember thy Creator in thy youth !
While evil days come not, nor years draw nigh
When thou shalt own with grief the mournful truth
How few the pleasures life's last hours supply :
Remember Him—while yet thy path is bright,
Before sun, moon, and stars, withdraw their light.

2.

While clouds return not after rain :—Oh ! now
Remember Him ;—before the days draw near
When e'en the strong before His strength must bow,
And those who keep the house shall quake for fear ;
Before the grinders cease ; the feeble few ;—
And darken'd vision dim each brighter hue.

3.

Ere lips, compress'd, forget their eloquence,
And faltering speech appear a sound forlorn;
When thou shalt rise, in wakeful impotence,
To hear the cock's shrill clarion greet the morn;
And like the distant dash of falling waters
Shall seem the low, sad song of music's daughters.

4.

Remember now thy God! before the day
When high and noble aims shall hopeless be;
When fears shall daunt thee on life's downward way;
And thy locks whiten like the almond tree;
When e'en the grasshopper shall make thee quail;
And querulous desire itself shall fail.

5.

Before thou goest, feeble, faint, and slow,
Unto thy last long home; and mourners clad
In all the trappings of funereal woe
Shall pass before thee in procession sad;
Before the loosen'd cord, the broken bowl
Seem fearful emblems of thy parting soul.

6.

For when that hour shall come—thy silent dust
Shall go down to the earth from whence it came;
Thy deathless spirit rise to meet the Just,
Eternal joy, or endless woe to claim :—
Oh! Now be *woo'd*, or *warn'd* by words of truth!
Remember thy Creator in thy youth.

SONNET.

Exodus, xv. 20, 21.

Then Miriam took a timbrel in her hand,
And Israel's daughters join'd the dance and song,
Praising the Lord their God who led along
Through ocean's depths His people on dry land;
Who bade the parted waves like bulwarks stand
While they went by—and then aveng'd their wrong,
O'erwhelming in the waters Egypt's throng
Who their renewed captivity had plann'd.
Therefore they sang their song of Jubilee
To Him who triumph'd in his glorious might;
Whose arm had won deliverance in their sight,
Thrown Pharaoh's horse and rider in the sea,
And brought His people forth from bondage free,
Their cloud by day, their cloudless fire by night.

TO THE STARS.

Ye brightly beaming stars!
  Have ye no music as ye roll along?
Or is it that to us earth's discord mars
  Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!
  Was it a fiction of the olden time?
Or are there not who hear with wakeful ears
  That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise
  The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;
And as the sons of God *then* join'd your praise,
  Let man adore!

SONNET,

TO MAJOR EDWARD MOOR, OF GREAT BEALINGS.

I pity him who, having wander'd long,
Returns at last o'er Ocean's tossing foam
A heartless exile to an English home!
Who finds no music in his country's song;
Whose eye can do her lovely landscapes wrong,—
And from a lowly cot, or lordly dome,
Rear'd on his *native* soil, still sighs to roam,
Nor finds a friend amid her free-born throng.
Him I congratulate who, after years
Of toil and danger on a distant shore,
Comes back to love life's early scenes the more,
And prove, in home's sweet smiles, and pangless tears,
How absence to an English heart endears
Her scenery and her manners, laws and lore.

AN INVITATION.

My fire-side friend, the moon, to-night,
Moore says, is near the full;
My ingle-nook is warm and bright
If I be cold and dull.

But, that I may resemble it,
I need a guest like thee,
Beside its cheerful blaze to sit,
And share its warmth with me.

Iron sharp'neth iron;—the kindling touch
Of steel strikes fire from stone;
That friend for friend can do as much
We both ere this have known.

Then come, and let us try once more
On topics grave, or gay,
How converse, and the Muses' lore
Can wile an hour away.

SONNET;

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Martyrs have died, and nature smiled the same:—
But was not THY divinity reveal'd
By the rent temple's veil, the graves unseal'd,
And saints who rose thy triumph to proclaim?
Heaven's starless darkness, and earth's shuddering frame
In awful terrors for their God appeal'd;
Bidding each heart, by disbelief unsteel'd,
Adore with trembling Thy most holy name.
Oh! would it have been thus if *man*, alone,
Possessing all *humanity* could hoard,
In virtue's noblest cause his blood had pour'd?
Believe it not; creation knew the tone
Of her Creator—on the cross, or throne;
And thus confess'd her everlasting Lord!

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise the Lord! above the sky
Be his holy name ador'd;
From the vaulted heavens on high
Magnify and praise the Lord.

Countless angels—sing His praise,
Heavenly hosts—the song unite;
Glorify Him as ye blaze
Sun, and moon, and stars of light.

Heavens of heavens—extol His name,
Watery depths—that float in air,
Join His praises to proclaim
Who commanded! and ye were!

Praise the Lord, from earth below,
Monsters, in your depths profound;
Praise Him—fire, and hail, and snow,
Spread His glorious praise around.

Rise, ye vapours—bright and still,
Waft your incense to His throne;
Stormy winds—his word fulfil,
Wake in praise your loudest tone.

Hills, and mountains—join the strain,
Fruitful trees—His praises shed,
Proudest cedars of the plain,—
Bow in praise each reverent head.

Beasts, and cattle, creeping things,—
Praise Him, you His goodness share;
Bear His praises on your wings
All ye birds that soar in air.

Judges, princes of the earth,
Kings and people, great and small,—
Sound Jehovah's praises forth,
Praise the King, and Judge of all.

Young men, magnify His praise
  Bashful maids—the strain prolong,
Old men, glorify His ways,
  Children—lift your lisping song.

Praise the Lord of life and love,
  Tell how excellent His name,
And His glory far above
  Earth and heaven with joy proclaim.

You, exalted as His own,
  Saints redeem'd—your praise accord;
Israel—make His goodness known,
  Seed of Jacob—praise the Lord.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How goodly to behold
Brethren who dwell in unity and love!
'Tis like the precious ointment, pour'd of old
On Aaron from above.

Which, from his reverent head,
Down o'er his silver beard its course pursued,
Thence to his garments' skirts its virtue spread,
And ALL imbued!

Like Hermon's holy dew,
Or that which on the hills of Zion fell;
Where God, who only blessing can renew,
Commanded HIS to dwell!

ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Psalm, cxxxix. 1—12.

O Lord! thou searchest all things, thou hast known
Alike my rising up, and sitting down;
Thou compassest my path throughout the day,
My couch at night, my every word and way;
Behind, before, Thy presence I discern,
Thy hand is on me, wheresoe'er I turn:—
Knowledge too wonderful for finite man,
Too high, too deep for human thought to scan!
Oh! whither from thy presence shall I flee?
Where go—and in Thy Spirit, meet not Thee?
If I ascend to heaven—behold Thy throne!
If I descend to hell—Thou there art known;

If on the wings of morn I take my flight
On Ocean's verge thy hand asserts its might;
If I say, "darkness shall my refuge be,"
Night's deepest gloom is rendered bright by Thee:—
Distance avails not, darkness hath no pall,
For Thou art every where, and all in all!

THE THREE FAITHFUL,

IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

1.

On Dura's plain, in days of yore,
The King his idol rear'd on high;
Bidding the people there adore
At sound of harp or psaltery;—
But rather did *they* choose to die,
The noble, and the faithful three,
Than thus in dark idolatry
Before his image bend the knee.

2.

The wrathful tyrant sternly frown'd,
With seven-fold heat the furnace glow'd;
They cast into it, *strongly bound*,
The servants of the living God:
But, in that perilous abode,
The Lord they worshipp'd still could save,
And through its fiery depths they trode
As Israel through the parted wave!

3.

The monarch rose in fearful haste,
Like one astonish'd! "Did not we
Into the fiery furnace cast,
Securely bound, my victims *three?*
Behold! *four*, *walking loose*, I see
Unharm'd amidst the lurid flame;
And He, the fourth, appears to be
Of more than mortal mien and frame!"

4.

With trembling voice he call'd them forth;—
They stood before *his* presence there,
And their's the princes of the earth,
Uninjur'd as at first they were:
Nor on their garments, forms, or hair,
Of fire was sign or token shown;
One only change,—no *bonds* they *bare*,
These *were* consum'd, and these alone!

5.

Thus it remains with those who tread
Affliction's fiery furnace still,
If faith and hope uplift the head,
And patience sanctify the will;
God, who is faithful, can fulfil
The hope and trust on Him repos'd;
And in their hour of greatest ill
His arm shall be for these disclos'd.

6.

E'en should that fiery furnace glow
For such, at times, with seven-fold ire,
There shall the soul deliverance know,
That trusts in heaven's Almighty Sire;
He shall walk with them through the fire
Whose blood is mightier than the sea;
Their *bonds* shall in the flame expire,
Themselves be by The Son set free.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

1.

In visions which are not of night, a shadowy vale
I see,
The path of pilgrim tribes who are, who have been,
or shall be;
At either end are lowering clouds impervious to the
sight,
And frequent shadows veil, throughout, each gleam
of passing light;
A path it is of joys and griefs, of many hopes and
fears;
Gladden'd at times by sunny smiles, but oftener
dimm'd by tears.

2.

Green leaves are there, they quickly fade, bright flowers, but soon they die;
Its banks are lav'd by pleasant streams, but soon their bed is dry;
And some that roll on to the last with undiminish'd force,
Have lost that limpid purity which graced their early source,
They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of dark'ning years,
And e'en their mournful murmuring sound befits the vale of tears.

3.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear to childhood's view,
The flowers are bright, the turf is green, the sky above is blue;
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a cloud may intervene,
But lightly mark'd, and soon forgot, they mar not such a scene;
Fancy still paints the future bright, and hope the present cheers,
Nor can we deem the path we tread leads through a vale of tears.

4.

But soon, too soon the flowers that deck'd our early pathway-side
Have drooped and wither'd on their stalks, and one by one have died;
The turf by noon's fierce heat is sear'd, the sky is overcast,
There's thunder in the torrent's tone, and tempest in the blast;
Fancy is but a phantom found, and hope a dream appears,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of tears.

5.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad to journey on,
When hands and hearts which gladden'd our's appear for ever gone,
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self, and to the world, to us seem colder still;
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And tread with solitary steps the thorny vale of tears.

6.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace furrows on the brow,
The grasshopper, alighting down, is felt a burthen now,
The silver cord is loosening fast its feeble, slender hold,
The fountain's pitcher soon must break, and bowl of purer gold;—
Oh! were it not for that blest hope which even death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage through this dark vale of tears!

CONCLUDING VERSES,

TO A CHILD SEVEN YEARS OLD.

1.

My opening numbers told of strength's decline;
My last have painted life a vale of tears:—
Let me not mournfully my task resign,
Like one whose dark existence nought endears;
Without are fightings, and within are fears!
Be such awhile forgot; I turn to thee,
And to the promise of thy early years,
As to the unfolding floweret flies the bee,
Or as I gaze in Spring on some young blooming tree.

2.

The gnarled oak, with ivy overgrown,
Scath'd, blighted, blasted, when it meets the view
May well call forth thought's moralizing tone,
Awakening meditations—sad, yet true :—
But objects may be found of brighter hue,
To which it is delightful still to turn ;
Heaven's cloudiest arch, at times, has spots of blue,
Flowers bud and blossom round the funeral urn,
And gleams of sunshine break o'er Winter's landscape stern.

3.

Such hast thou been unto my spirit's eye,—
A ray of sunshine on life's wintry scene,
" A spot of azure in a cloudy sky ;"
A wreath of ivy, with its glossy green,
Dark, wither'd leaves and mossy boughs between:
A star in night's dim arch with brightness glowing,
A blooming lowly flower of modest mien
In unsunn'd depth of glade untrodden growing,
A solitary spring, in some bleak desert flowing.

4.

These things derive their magic loveliness
From contrast, and in darkness brighter shine,
And such, amid the ceaseless throng and press
Of ills which make the heart of manhood pine,
The charm of guileless innocence like thine;
Care-fretted hearts confess its soothing spell,
The toil-worn spirits own its power benign,
Feeling and thought ope memory's hidden cell,
And near life's fountain-head we briefly seem to dwell.

5.

There is a holy, blest companionship
In the sweet intercourse thus held with those
Whose tear and smile are guileless; from whose lip
The simple dictate of the heart yet flows;—
Though even in the yet unfolded rose
The worm may lurk, and sin blight blooming youth,
The light born with us long so brightly glows,
That childhood's first deceits seem almost truth,
To life's cold after lie, selfish, and void of ruth.

6.

Oh! happy hours, when smile succeeds to tear,
And tear to smile, each taintless, brief, and bright;
When joy treads fast on sorrow, hope on fear;
Yet all too fresh to sate the appetite:
When peaceful slumbers seal the eyes at night,
And happy dreams on tranquil rest attend;—
Who but must mourn that age and sin should blight
Young hearts on which celestial dews descend,
Or pain's deep rankling thorns with pleasure's blossoms blend?

7.

Well spake our blessed Lord, while yet on earth,
Suffer the little ones to come to me,
And chide them not:—to those who know their worth
Of such His heavenly kingdom seems to be;
Nor can we hope its glories e'er to see,
Or taste its blessedness, 'till reconcil'd
To God, and through His holy grace set free
From every sin whose thraldom has defil'd,
The spirit enter there e'en as a little child.

8.

Then when we meet with such, whose very glee
Is ting'd with thoughtfulness beyond their years,
Each thought and feeling now inspir'd by Thee
The natural homage of the heart appears:
Object of fondest wishes, hopes, and fears,
Might prayer of mine, dear child, a blessing claim,
Bright be thy smiles, and pangless be thy tears
As now they are, and ne'er may guilt or shame
Corrode thy guileless heart, or taint thy spotless name.

FINIS.

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